

QUEENSLAND

— IS *DIFFERENT*

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SUNNY QUEENSLAND



QUEENSLAND, of all the Australian States, offers the visitor the widest variety of scenery, diversity of interest, and most equable climate. A vast area of 670,500 square miles, almost eight times as large as Great Britain or Victoria, and about twice as large as New South Wales—there are to be found within the borders of the Queen State tourist attractions totally different from anything to be seen in other lands. The Great Barrier Reef—the mightiest coral structure in the world—extends in a series of reefs, islands, cays, and atolls for twelve hundred miles along her silver shores, constituting a most fascinating marine playground throughout the year. The Wonderland of the Far North, enthroned in all her tropical beauty and dowered with her wealth of flocks and herds, canefields, jungles, and priceless forests, casts a magic spell on all who come within her domain. In the Garden of the South, glorious sun-drenched surfing beaches, and rugged jungle-clad highlands border the coast north and south of the capital. And nowhere else are to be found such vivid colourings of sea and sky, field and garden, or a more perfect winter climate. The sunshine pours out of cerulean skies in pulsating waves of filtered silver—the generous warmth in summer being tempered by regular sea breezes. One has only to compare interstate temperature tables to reveal that Queensland possesses the most equable climate in the Commonwealth—and thus expose the great Australian myth concerning the “furnace-like heat” of this Northern State.

Many and varied are the charms and delights of the Queen State—Cruising on placid cobalt-blue waters among the “lazy isles” of the Coral Sea; exploring the Great Plateau in the hinterland of Cairns; wandering through the sugar-cane country, where the smell of molasses impregnates the air and gigantic flares of burning “trash” illuminate the night; thrilling to the “strike” of Spanish mackerel, swordfish, or other sea-tigers of the “Australian Main.” . . . Sulphur-crested cockatoos flying lazily over Whitsunday pine forests; golden wattles spilling their haunting perfume on the slopes of the D’Aguilar Range; the rapid “chit-chit” of the rare *Atrichornis* at Lamington National Park; blue dusk running through the Barron Gorge, and the silken rustle of coconut palms at Cairns. . . .

Wealth of colour, coral gardens, flooding sunshine, Turneresque sunsets—the Queen of the North has them all in fascinating polychrome. Come to this Land of Continuous Sunshine—**QUEENSLAND IS DIFFERENT!**



Cover Photo.: Barron Falls, North Queensland.

Custard Apples, Redland Bay.

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QUEENSLAND - IS DIFFERENT

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≈ NORTH QUEENSLAND ≈ THE CREAM OF THE CONTINENT ≈



Tropical jungle, Fairyland, Kuranda.



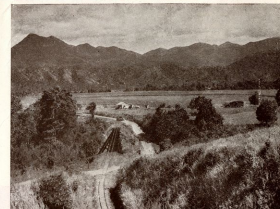
Millstream Falls, near Ravenshoe.



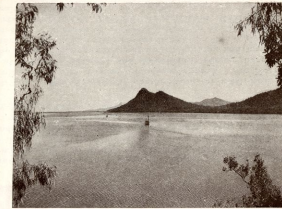
Sunset, Palm Island.



Lake Eacham.



Canefields, Mowbray, Mossman Valley.



Leaf Point, looking North, Hinchinbrook Channel.

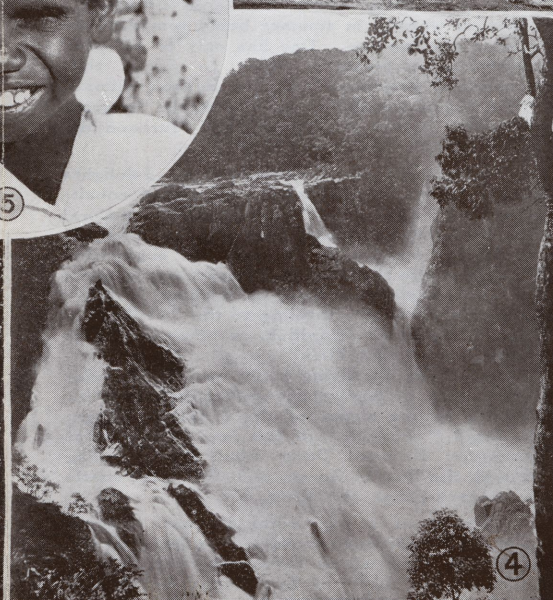
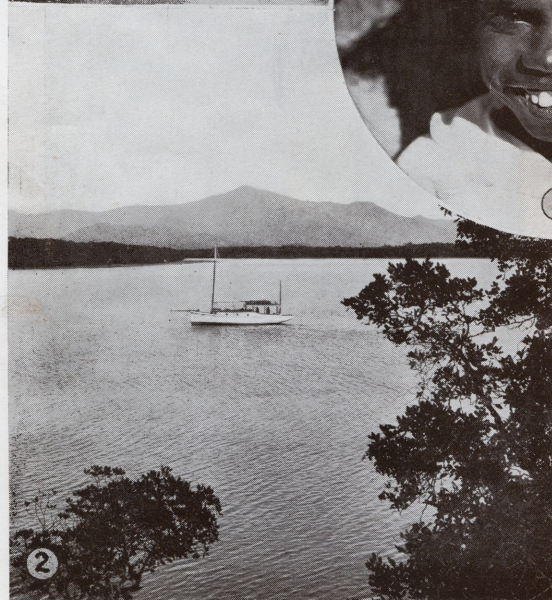
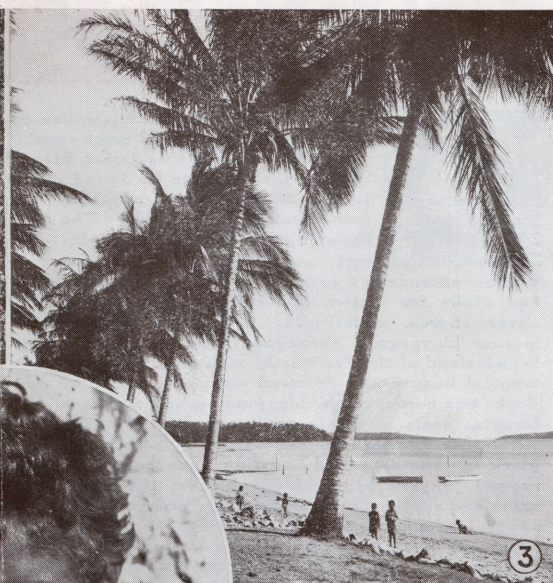
NORTH QUEENSLAND IN WINTER



NORTH Queensland's chief charm to the tourist is during the winter season—mainly from May until September—when a great exodus for the South sets in like a sweeping tide, a pilgrimage to an Enchanted Land—to the Far North and the shimmering waters of the Great Barrier Reef, Mecca of the Tourist. Nowhere else in the world could you find a more perfect climate than the Wonderland of the North during winter. The flooding sunshine bathes coral-girt isles, silver beaches, cool jungles, and sugar-cane plantations in a continuous glow which seems to imprison a life-giving elixir wrought by the subtle alchemy of Nature—intoxicating in its youth-renewing splendour. Not here to be found bleak winds and sleety rains, but warm, languorous days and magic nights perfumed with all the tangled spicy scents of an Eastern garden.

As we journey on from Townsville, gateway to the Far North, the call of the tropics becomes more insistent, the vegetation more luxuriant, the scenery grander. Here is a land of sunshine and sugar-cane, cedar, and gold. From Ingham onwards, broad savannahs of cane wave their green fronds in the perfumed air like the multitudinous pennons of an invading army. A modern Babel at Innisfail, a Spanish Castle at Mena Creek, cargoes of raw sugar at Mourilyan, cassowaries in the Mulgrave scrub, and crocodiles along the Daintree banks; the mighty gold-smitten peaks of Bartle-Frere, and long lines of little cane trucks at Babinda; umbrella trees and the secret Cave of the Swiftlets on Dunk Island; waterfalls shooting in tumultuous spates of silver over rugged Hinchinbrook crags—and so on to Cairns, the Barron Gorge and the Great Plateau, with a loquat-yellow moon hanging in the east, and the subtle scent of frangipanni in the softly languorous air.

There is a charm, a haunting beauty about this northern city sprawling on the shores of Trinity Bay. Many enchanted days can be spent in visiting the scenic attractions of the district and hinterland.



1. On the Millaa Millaa-Innisfail Road.
2. Hinchinbrook Channel.

5. Palm Island Native.

3. The Beach, Palm Island.
4. Barron Falls, near Kuranda.

GREAT BARRIER REEF THROUGHOUT THE YEAR



FROM Broadsound to Torres Strait the Great Barrier Reef stretches in an almost continuous series of "reeferies" for twelve hundred miles—the largest coral structure in the world. The coastline behind this vast natural breakwater unfolds scene on scene of entrancing loveliness unexcelled by any of the ports and happy havens of lands washed by Ionian seas. And the beauty of indigo seas turning to sap-green over the shallows has an antiphon below the surface. Is there any fairer garden on earth than the coral gardens below these translucent waves? Through the lanes and by-paths of these softly flowering grottoes, brilliantly coloured fish flash and flame—lucent gardens of Neptune that rival those of the Hesperides, the daughters of Oceanus. Truly it has been written that the lavish land which splashed rare pigments on the Bird of Paradise also worked upon these coralline fairylands. One can never forget the haunting beauty of the Barrier region, never lose those precious memories of a marine lotus land.

There's no playground in the world so fascinating as the reefs and dream isles of the Coral Seas—The grandeur of towering pine-forested Whitsunday Peaks, and turtles sleeping on the dancing waves; sun birds in scarlet coral trees; noddies and terns rising in madly beating clouds from Capricorn Cays; silver trails of the "skip jacks" off "Day Dream" (West Molle) Island; the southward migration of Torres Strait pigeons hurtling along Hinchinbrook; big-game fishing in the Bunker Group; dawn breaking over Low Isles, and sunset through the coconut grove at Brampton Island. . . . It is all wonderful, strangely exciting.

And in this Thousand Mile Lagoon—Australia's "Grand Canal"—with all its wealth of fascinating terrestrial and marine life, we can sojourn for endless hours breathing in the sweet influences of the region and drinking deeply an atmosphere that has passed through the alembic of golden sunshine and wild salt winds.



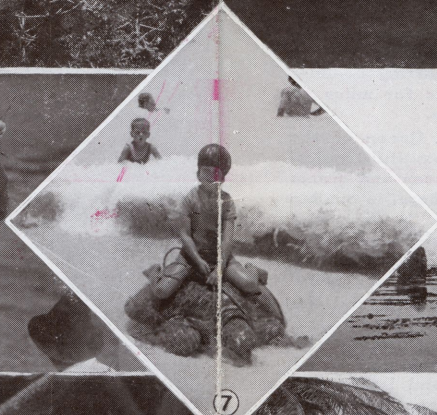
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1. Shute Harbour, Whitsunday Passage.
2. Albacore caught in Linne Passage.
3. Coral Pool, showing Coral and Fish.

7. Turtle Riding, Barrier Reef.

4. Sunset across the Lagoon, Nor'West Island.
5. Nigger Heads on Reef, Nor'West Island.
6. Campers on Green Island, near Cairns.

SOUTH QUEENSLAND IN SUMMER



NDOWED with superb natural scenic beauty and blessed with the most equable climate in the Commonwealth, Southern Queensland during the summer months constitutes a delightful holiday playground. On the hottest midsummer days humid climatic conditions can be escaped by a few hours' journey to the dewy highlands or glorious surfing beaches north and south of Brisbane, where the climate is always fresh and invigorating. There is no area of similar size in Australia which possesses such diversity of scenic attractions and variety of climate as Southern Queensland.

With Brisbane as the pivotal point, the visitor may travel north, south, or west, and in every direction find entrancing resorts by shore and summit—each with a totally different appeal. The North Coast district provides the rare combination of transcendent mountain scenery and magnificent surfing beaches within easy access to one another. From the heights of the Blackall Range, centre of a rich dairying and tropical fruit-growing district, the long line of beaches from Caloundra to Noosa Heads shimmers in the sun like a gigantic silver scimitar. The incomparable South Coast beaches stream in a series of graceful curves to the New South Wales border. The fame of such entrancing marine resorts as Southport, Burleigh Heads, Kirra, Coolangatta, and Tweed Heads has spread throughout the Commonwealth. Bordering this sun-kissed region are the lofty resorts of Mt. Tamborine, Beechmont, Springbrook, and Lamington National Park ramparted among the clouds at 3,000 to 4,000 feet. The climate is always delightfully cool on these "heaven-kissing hills"—indeed log fires have been necessary during Christmas vacations. West from Brisbane is the "Garden City of Queensland"—Toowoomba—situated on the crest of the Main Range at 2,000 feet. Stanthorpe and Bunya Mountains also are among the resorts of Southern Queensland which are becoming increasingly popular during the summer months.



1. Overseas Liner in Hamilton Reach, Brisbane River.
2. Tree Ferns, Lamington National Park.
3. Looking towards Paradise Caves, Noosa Heads.

7. The Papaw.

4. On Currumbin Creek, South Coast.
5. Elabana Falls, Lamington National Park.
6. Aerial View of Brisbane—City and River.

COLOURFUL QUEENSLAND



Jacaranda in Bloom,
Parliament House, Brisbane.

TASMANIA is good;
the South-West of
Western Australia is good;
South Queensland is good.
But the cream of all the con-
tinent rises to the top of the
milk in North Queensland.'

—Dr. Thomas Wood in "Cobbers."



CLOURFUL indeed is this "Land of the Rainbow Gold," where the sunshine is liquid amber and the air spiced wine. Nature's floral clock (with the months for hours) brings forth new pomps and splendours every time it strikes—from the Japanese laburnum, "dropping wells of golden fire," in January to the scarlet glory of December poincianas, with the blood-red guidons of poinsettias in May, the silver and gold of wattles in June when autumn is retreating before the advance of winter, the lilac and lavender petals of jacarandas in mid-October, or the riotous splendour of scarlet and mauve bougainvillea in August. If any country in the world deserves to be called the "Flowery Land" it is Queensland, the gardener's paradise.

And even in the city every fruit-stall is ablaze with delectable tropical fruits, including golden full-juiced pineapples, bananas, custard-apples, papaws, mangoes, granadillas, golden-hued citrus, and that strange fruit-salad luxury *Monstera deliciosa*.



Koalas or Native Bears,

—Photo. "The Sun," Sydney.



HE Queen of the North is not less captivating in the barbaric splendour of her sylvan setting, where all Nature seems to pay homage to her glamorous tropical beauty. In the Wonderland of the Far North where the "rain forests" and jungles are of the richest green, and our scenery reaches its highest degree of perfection, the flamboyant colourings seem to have been caught from tropical sunsets.

The opalescent colours of our seascapes under cerulean skies, vie with those of the loveliest bays of the Mediterranean round the classic shores of Greece. And no other country can claim such glorious golden surfing beaches as those which border the Pacific for miles on miles north and south of Brisbane.

But if you wish to see the Queen of the North in her most flamboyantly beautiful tropical dress, you must visit the magic seas and dream isles of the Great Barrier Reef, where, in opaline waters, submarine forests and bowers and gardens bloom with beautiful pastel-tinted shrubs and flowers of coral, and are inhabited by marvellously robed denizens of the deep.

When the sun sets on the Barrier and the many enchanted islands within the "Grand Canal"—each in itself a Pacific Cosmos—the sea is transformed into a lake of liquid gold. And as the flaming ball sinks lower and lower, the clouds turn crimson from the zenith to the western rim. Slowly, slowly the chameleon sea changes from blood-red to rose and soon to pearl. Night descends like a sable mantle, and trooping across the canopy of the heavens come the silver cohorts of the evening stars. As Dorothea Mackellar has written—

*"We have to wait till the sunset comes
For shades that feel like the beat of drums."*

For Further Information and Bookings Apply—

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